

Hash Number: 2206 01Mar20

Our website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Venue: The Crown, Swallowfield

Website Email - icemon@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: RandyMandy, BlindPew

WETS

Dunny Rampant Hashgate Florence Zebedee Motox NoSole Slapper Spex LoudonTasteless Twanky Blowjob TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Tequilova Gnasher CanalBob MessengerBoy Lonely SkinnyDipper C5 Foghorn Caboose Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Hamlet Ms Whiplash FlashBangWallop FalseTart Shifty Iceman BillyBullshit Josie

HASHING, SPLASHING AND DASHING

Our more observant readers may have noticed that the Gobsheet format has changed. If you haven't, please look again and enjoy that 'Ahh' moment of realisation. I figured it was about time that we had a change. You may snort, "A change is as good as a rest!" But, of course, reading the Gobsheet is optional and if you prefer Knitting For Beginners (in 48 weekly instalments) then I wish you good luck. But here it is and I will welcome constructive criticism that leads to an even better layout. Comments such as, "It's rubbish." will be filed on my 'Not Entirely Constructive' spike and any such paper-based remarks, if the Adrex starts to run out due to coronavirus panic-buying, may be used as not originally intended. 😊

Next to the surgery car park opposite the pub was a robed and bearded gentleman nailing planks of seasoned wood to a large boat's keel with a big hammer. Quite a variety of animals, all apparently in pairs and wearing slightly worried expressions, standing by, watching his efforts. Rather appropriate, I



An immaculately coiffured Noah provides entrance instructions.

I thought, given the Biblical rain our country has been inundated with over the past few weeks. Luckily and unusually, the sky this morning may have been quite grey but it didn't look like it was going to rain. I hurried over to the Circle that was being called to order by SkinnyDipper who has returned from her Antipodean travels. I missed her returning speech, partly due to attempting to record all the participants and partly due to the incessant hammering, occasional mooing, barking and chattering (I think the latter three originated from the Hashers rather than from the animals...). Skinny handed over to our intrepid and wet-legged Hares who advised us (loudly, because of the hammering) that there were to be 3 (yes, 3!) Regroups and that the Trail length was about 6 miles. BlindPew was halfway through shouting, "It's On Out..." when he stopped as the

hammering suddenly changed to Rat-tat-a-tat-tat; then ceased. BH³ was silent, straining to hear the end of the percussive phrase. After 30 seconds we heard... Tat-tat. Phew! The anticipation had been awful. With a sigh of relief, BlindPew finished with, "... **that** way." And off we went. Good to know that the saviour of the animal kingdom has a sense of humour.

The early part of this Trail gave us a flavour of delights to come. A long, long narrow road, briefly interspersed with an exceptionally gloopy shiggy track, where BlindPew, in front of me, very nearly slid sideways into the poop and biscuits. He told me he had done exactly the same thing in the same place when the Hares had laid the Trail earlier. Perhaps he should have gone back for a third time lucky experience where we could have held up scores for artistic flair and depth of sinking. While we slogged our way along this road Lonely and Caboose passed me, chatting. Lonely has a rather gangling frame and a part of my mind that I had shudderingly closed the door on – the memory of him wearing that ancient red frock with the spaghetti straps that exposed one of his nipples during the rainy Red Dress

Run – sprang open, horribly. I believe I'm suffering from PTDD (Post-Traumatic Dress Disorder). Perhaps a lengthy lie-down in a darkened room with several bottles of gin may help. We schlepped on past a fairly newly-built house with a large pond in front of it and BlindPew informed me that there had been no water in it last week. This may have been a slight exaggeration but it rather confirmed our thoughts about the amount of rain we have had. Shifty pointed to the tarpaulin that broke the surface of the pond in a black curve. "It's a whale!" He pointed excitedly. Always good to see the juvenile occasionally superseding the geriatric.

(Much) further along this road was a Check and a sign by the field by a footpath that said, very clearly, 'Food production area. Please keep to the footpath.' So why LoudonTasteless headed off diagonally across the sodden clods of earth in the field is anyone's guess. Perhaps the geriatric superseding the juvenile?

We finally began to slop our way across saturated fields and ran past some young people with a friendly, fluffy, black dog who just wanted to be with us. However much they called him he wouldn't go back to them. Tequilova finally exercised her veterinary skills by capturing the little fellow (the dog that is, not one of the young people) and returning him to his carers.

BlindPew exhibited a wide smile as he realised that Billy had gone about ¼ mile the wrong way from a Check. He called him back. As we saw where we should go a number of us felt that Billy probably had the right idea. For now we were about to enter Water World.



The river had flooded the road either side of the above bridge and was at least ankle-deep. We waded through the freezing water, feeling our feet getting colder and colder; then not feeling them much at all. We fetched up by the entrance to the ford at Bramshill (see the picture below) where a Regroup gave us a break. We were cheered by BlindPew's instruction that the Trail did not go through the ford, which



looked pretty deep and fast-flowing. Twanky tried to help Spex investigate its depth. However, we did go round the side of it, which was still an icy splash through flowing water. Which is probably why Spex uttered a stream of "B*gger"s as she waded through.

Fortunately, we left this chilly flooding behind and headed uphill. Several of them, in fact. Mostly deep in

shiggy and all soaked through. It was hard going. When we reached almost to the top of the hills

RandyMandy kindly pointed out an 'alternative route' that consisted of a lengthy, muddy track with several False Trail markers on it. Really quite useful and Spex provided a comedy moment when she repeated BlindPew's earlier sideways slip in deep shiggy and almost buried herself in several feet of the stuff. Sadly, she didn't.

We bumped into the Walkers, who were going the opposite way to us. Ms Whiplash, Hamlet, Motox and Lilo amongst them. We exchanged (breathless on our part) greetings and went our separate ways. At the foot of a tarmac hill we found the second of the Regroups by a sign that announced 'Bunglers Hill'. We agreed, while we caught our breath, that it could hardly be a better description for the Hash. We didn't wait around for long and, since no-one wanted the Short Cut offered by our Hares, we slopped off into the wet woodlands again, up yet another soggy hill. But from the top of it, of course, we got to run all the way down the other side. Lovely. C5 caught up with me. "I'd be a great runner if it was all downhill." He said. I don't think you do too badly C5. 😊

We hit another road, with water flowing along either side and several deep potholes with traffic cones in them warning the unknowing motorist, motorcyclist, cyclist to beware. This road led to the footpath that crossed (seemingly several miles of) the Farley Estate. There are 1750 acres of land and, slipping and sliding along the shiggy-filled footpaths felt like we were going through most of them. It was a bit like ice-skating, without the firmness underfoot. Really hard work, though the sun was now shining and it wasn't too cold when we were sheltered by hedges from the wind.

When Shifty and I finally reached a Check we saw LoudonTasteless slipping off towards the estate church so followed him. Our bad. He'd gone over a False and we had missed the flour arrow at the Check. Back we slopped across the mud, biscuits and grass to join Twanky and BlowJob, squelching their way along the rest of the path that led to the road that led to the pub. Nice to finish and get the cold, wet shoes and socks off.

Many thanks to RandyMandy and BlindPew for their hard work laying the Trail. Be good to do it again... in Summer. 😊

On On. [Hashgate](#).

BH3 HASH BLOG

So a new coronavirus (Covid-19) is almost upon us. It's not a sudden desire to collect dimpled glass lemonade bottles but neither does it seem to be quite so grave as the world stock markets are taking it. I guess that any virus that jumps from animals to humans who have no known immunity or vaccination facilities is pretty serious. MERS (Middle East Respiratory Syndrome) and SARS (Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome) are currently more deadly coronaviruses.

So how did it start. Best estimates are that the virus originated in bats which may have infected the live and dead animals on sale to people in Wuhan 'wet market' in China.

So what are everyday people doing about it? Self-isolation is one option. Where a person or persons isolate themselves in their homes in order not to catch, or not to spread infection. As you've heard in the news, sales of hand sanitizers have gone through the roof and many people are wearing what the World Health Organization advises are largely unnecessary – masks.

Speaking of W.H.O., their advice is to wash hands thoroughly and often, keep at least 1 metre (3 Feet) away from someone who coughs or sneezes, avoid touching your eyes, nose and mouth, cover your mouth and nose with your bent elbow if you cough or sneeze, seek medical care early if you have a fever, cough and difficulty breathing.

A link to the W.H.O. public advice site is [here](#). It contains a wealth of useful information.

Stay well... and don't eat any bats.

DOWN DOWNS

Motox had sweet-talked the landlord into allowing us to do this in the pub, since it was pretty cold outside. The two locals who arrived as we started were amused and confused. Bit like us then.

WHO GOT IT

WHY

C4, Spot
SkinnyDipper

Today's Hash Crashers.
Coughing in the car park and possibly spreading Coronavirus after her trip to Australia.

Tequilova
FlashBangWallop

Dog rescuing.
Being in the pub without any shoes or socks on. At least he kept the rest of his clothes on.

Slapper

Sneaking down at home in the middle of last night to microwave and eat his daughter's Chinese meal. Taking food from the mouths of babes etc.
For shame sir!

Zebedee

His birthday. We'd had to wait ages for him. We'd seen him across the road possibly changed a tyre, possibly changing various items of underwear. Either way, it took along time but he got there in the end.

RandyMandy,
BlindPew

Today's Hares.

FUTURE HASHES

| RUN | DATE | GRID REFERENCE | VENUE | HARES |
|------|---------|-------------------|--|---------------------------|
| 2208 | 15Mar20 | <u>SU501983</u> | St Patrick's Day Wear Green for "Dippy's 20th Anniversary Hash" Abingdon United FC Northcourt Rd, Abingdon OX14 1PL On To The Northcroft for Pizza and Party | Dipstick |
| 2209 | 22Mar20 | <u>SU633640</u> | * Mother's Day - Cake & Coffee Run* Mortimer West End Village Hall Church Rd, RG7 2HU | SkinnyDipper Tequilova |